

# A ROMANCE



of WONDERLAND

# A Romance of WONDERLAND

BOSTON, June 10th.

**T**HIS little diary contains many strange records, but none so strange as that which I shall to-day set down. I am about to do an unheard-of thing. The occasion for it is a circular which I picked up yesterday. This circular is from the Mayor of Tacoma, and it is addressed to young women. The facts are these: Massachusetts has over seventeen thousand more women



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

than men. There are, in fact, seventeen thousand "extras" in this state—matrimonially considered.

And I am one of them!

Tacoma, on Puget Sound, has the reputation of being the "City of Destiny." But, in spite of many advantages of climate, commercial facilities and natural beauties, it is short of—women. It desires wives for its enterprising young men. At least, so says the mayor, through the medium of this circular addressed to the women of the East in general, and of Boston in particular. The invitation is given in good faith, and I have concluded to accept



it. That is my remarkable statement! This is the fact with which I startle the hitherto discreet pages of this diary.

But consider the provocation. For ten years I have been teaching school in this city and its suburbs. When I began I did not suspect that I should be an "extra." Jack used to tell me that I was only to teach a few months, to get my wedding outfit together, and then we would go west and make our fortune. One day he told me he thought he had better go first, to prepare the way. He did. I have never heard from him since. Whether he has been killed by Indians, or lost in a blizzard, or run away with by a ranch girl, I do not know. I have gone on teaching ever since. I live between the boarding-house and the school-room, with a diversion Wednesdays in the way of prayer meeting, and the Carlyle Club Thursdays. And I am tired of it. If I were a man, I would take up a mining claim in Montana, or hire out as a sailor on one of the Alaskan sealers. Being a woman—I am going to accept the invitation of the Mayor of Tacoma.

I have been reading up on Tacoma. It is the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, concerning which I have so often talked to my pupils, reminding them that but for the faith and enterprise which built that great road in the face of so much opposition, the West would be but a tithe of what it now is. Many of the sons of our best families having gone to Tacoma, I am sure the society is all that it should be, and that I may hope to find all the comforts of civilization there—perhaps even a Browning Club. It is said that this town has many advantages over any other on the western coast, and that it is the largest wheat-



CLEOPATRA TERRACE.

shipping port in the West; also that it lies in a country not only rich in agriculture, but in mineral productions as well. Coal, iron, gold, silver are within easy reach; grains of all sorts are grown in abundance and the fruit rivals that of California; in addition to which the town engages in trade with the cities of the old world, such as Honolulu, Yokohama, Melbourne, Liverpool and London, not to mention

San Francisco, Baltimore, New York, Boston and Sitka. With this town I intend to link my fortunes. Here, I am stagnating! This monotony is more than I can endure!

ST. PAUL, June 25th.

I have not had time for the past fortnight to write a line. I had to close up my school, prepare my wardrobe, settle a hundred little things and bid farewell to all of my friends. And here I am in Minnesota, having come hundreds of miles through farm lands and prairies, and looked at Niagara for the first time in my life. It is useless for me to put down my impressions of these two cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. I never dreamed that I should find here buildings of such architectural beauty, or enterprise so extensive. The elegance of the homes amazes me no less than the beautiful drives, the churches, libraries and hotels. The flouring mills of Minneapolis present the most remarkable scene of activity that I ever looked on. In one mill which I visited 5,200 barrels of flour are made each day of



CUPID'S CAVE - MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

the year. When the twenty-six mills in the city are running, the maximum capacity is 30,000 per diem.

I have paid a visit to the falls of Minnehaha, which I was grieved to learn were not the ones to which Professor Longfellow had reference in "Hiawatha," but which are, nevertheless, very charming, and which dance on as merrily as if they were not masquerading in a giant's robe. One pleasant day was also spent at Lake Minnetonka, which is a lake of infinite surprises. At St. Paul, where the headquarters of the Northern Pacific are situated, I procured my ticket for Tacoma, arranging it so that I could stop over at various places of interest, and also make a tour of the Yellowstone National Park.

June 27th.

The last two days have been very interesting. I have been passing through a country whose varied beauties astonish me. The Lake Park Region of Minnesota, for example, is a place in which poets might love to dwell, and in which some future Wordsworth may find a home. It

is also the most attractive of resorts for the sportsman, whether his weapon be rod or gun. We have passed a number of quiet and picturesque villages, which are as suggestive of contentment and cultivation as the eastern towns to which I am used. There is St. Cloud, with its numerous manufactories and pleasant homes, and Brainerd, "The City of the Pines," the large population and business success of which is due to some extent to the presence of the Northern Pacific Railroad shops at that place. They tell me, too, that this pine-decorated city lies in the midst of a hundred lakes. Detroit, where I laid off for a day, and from which I am now writing, is in the very heart of that famous lake country to which I referred. The hotel is most elegant, and is occupied by a great many wealthy persons from St. Paul and Minneapolis. I am glad to find that their grammar is all that I could wish. One does not always know what to expect in the far West.

EN ROUTE, June 29th.

The meals served on the road are most satisfactory. I am a judge of good cooking if anyone is, and I say once for all that I am delighted. I have crossed the great Red River of the North. I have taken a hasty glance at Moorhead and Fargo, two thriving towns—Fargo being the larger—that guard the river; and I am now at Casselton, from which I have been driving out into the most wonderful wheat country I have ever seen. I can imagine nothing richer or more luxurious than these miles upon miles of waving wheat. Twenty-four self-binding reapers, so they say, ride over these fields side by side in harvest time, gathering in the golden grain. The fields are level as a



GOLDEN GATE (EAST ENTRANCE).

floor, the sky the intensest blue, the wheat the most mellow of tints. A more impressive picture I have never looked on, and I have learned that the revenue from such a farm is enormous. I have been riding for hours, since I once



more have taken my place on the train, through wheat fields. This bounteous country is something that Americans have cause to be very thankful for. Valley City, dropped in the midst of its hills, is a delightful town; Jamestown has attractive streets and tidy buildings; and Bismarck appears to be a stirring place. It lies in the valley of the Missouri, and is therefore surrounded by good agricultural land. We crossed the Missouri through a sort of natural pass or ford, just after leaving Bismarck. The river is very impressive at this point. Mandan is one of the most notable towns passed, though I was pleased with Dickinson, a new village, hardly out of its swaddling clothes yet, but a most vigorous infant.

July 1st.

I have spent one of the strangest days! I almost dread putting my pen to paper, lest I shall lessen by poor



THE TETONS.

description the sights I have seen. I am in the heart of the Bad Lands of Dakota. Here, I may say that the earth is still a-making. The fires that forge its substance are not yet extinguished here. I felt as if I were being allowed to look on at the finishing of the Creation. Fortunately, I had brought my little geological hammer with me, and was able to tell of what materials these distorted and grotesque buttes that surround me are composed. There is a great quantity of argillaceous limestone, friable sandstone and lignite. The strata are often most curiously commingled.

The colors are varied and rich. Petrified stumps add to the curiosities of the landscape, which is one of the most bewildering that the mind of man could conceive. It is my opinion that the region was once a great lake, into which the drift from adjacent hills has shifted, and rotted till lignite has been formed. I saw distinct traces of the

Pliocene age, though peculiar in appearance. I hear there are good grazing places a few miles back in the country, but I think myself that it would be a very distressing place to live. I have never known any Boston folk who would care to live amid such irregular phenomena. After leaving



EXCELSIOR GEYSER (MIDWAY BASIN).

Glenlivet we dashed along by the capricious Yellowstone, which is a crystal stream of unusual velocity. Plunging through tunnels, climbing mighty hills, crossing turbulent rivers, we continue our fascinating journey through the ambitious town of Billings, past great sheep and cattle ranges, in sight of mountains that pile their dim splendors against the sky like stationary clouds, and in view of valleys whose far-stretching vistas filled me with delight.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, July 8th.

How shall I record the events of the last few days? I feel that I could best express my state of mind by a row of exclamation points, or by a series of disconnected adjectives! At Livingston then, I left the train to take a local accommodation train running to Cinnabar, which is the gate of the Yellowstone Park. The ride from Livingston to Cinnabar is through Paradise Valley, a region lying between mist-ridden mountains, and spreading out farm after farm in the highest state of cultivation. The farms had the effect of great stretches of landscape gardening, as they lay there in the valley with their vari-colored fields. The air is wonderfully clear and invigorating, owing to the altitude. I think I neglected to say that even Livingston is 4,450 feet above sea-level. At Cinnabar, the terminus of the Park branch, we took coaches to the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, where we spent the day in great comfort. The place is surprisingly convenient and luxurious. The day was a busy one. It was spent for the most part on the Minerva terraces, which rise not far from the hotel. These terraces seem like a bit of enchantment, conjured from the solid and familiar earth to astound and bewitch. The palace of "She" seems to tower on one height, with wonders of stalagmite and stalactite, with ruddy recesses with bastions

of golden brown, with towers of luminous green. The cave of Aladdin, the island haunt of Monte Cristo, the very throne of Venus herself, might be here, and in those pools of limpid water that surprise the wanderer, the goddess of love might have bathed. I know that I should not permit myself to lose that mental equipoise becoming to a school teacher and a Bostonian, and perhaps it will be more becoming for me to calmly explain that the material deposited by the hot springs which have made this wonderful mountain of beauty is mainly calcareous. Flowing downward to reach the Gardiner River, this is deposited in corrugated layers of carbonate of lime as travertine. Thus, in course of time, there has been built up a series of terraces, with scalloped edges, on which springs and pools of various temperatures and many tints still play or glimmer amid their fantastic settings.

The evening passed with orchestral music, a little pleasant conversation with the travelers who were to be my companions through the park—for the tour occupies several



CASTLE GEYSER (UPPER BASIN).

days—and a promenade on the broad verandas. Early in the morning I was up, warmly clothed, with a rubber wrap and extra shawl, and preparations for every possible change that might occur in traveling from valley to mountain, from boiling geysers to rivers fed from mountain snows. The narrow cañon of the Gardiner, with its steam dashing down from the clouds to the wild path below, was the first impressive sight of the morning's journey. Then came the Golden Gate, where we rode through mighty bastions of rock, on which shone the rising sun, turning the dew into diamonds, and flushing the rock into a color that made it deserve its name. Around this lofty wall of rock the government has constructed a remarkable road. And, speaking of the outlay the government has been to in the park, I must not neglect to mention the road of glass. This is around Obsidian Cliff, a mountain of glass, whose ebony-tinted crystals glitter in the morning sun. This unique road was made by lighting fires on the glass till it was in a molten condition, and then flinging cold water upon it.

It broke into fragments, of course, and on this causeway we drove in greatest security, with the cliff stretching above and below. The Electric Peak, far to the north, rising severely towards the clouds, the Devil's Slide—why is the devil always given the credit of the most impressive things?—and Beaver Lake passed, we surmounted a ridge and came into sight of the Norris Geyser Basin. Here first we saw the active geysers, one of which is of recent origin, and will furnish data by which to tell the age of the others, from the nature and quantity of the geyserite or deposit. How



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER.

shall I describe this strange section, which, in many respects, is the initial of what we saw elsewhere through the region? Sometimes loathsome waters lash and groan, hiss and swirl in slimy depths, shaking the earth with their unholy struggle, polluting the air with nauseous scents, and distressing the eye that gazes into the detestable depths. Sometimes pools deep as emerald or tender as the eye of a child, sleep in a jeweled setting of what seems to be



for Flora, should she come tripping that way when the morning is dewy and the year young.

After a lunch for which I developed an enormous appetite, we made our way toward the Gibbon River. I wish I could fitly set down the charm of the Gibbon Falls. They were not to be seen from the road, but necessitated a scramble down through a growth of pine on the steep cañon side. Crunching millions of red pine needles beneath our feet, and letting ourselves down from root to root of the trees, we at last hung over a fall of wonderful beauty, throwing a snowy flood over the basaltic rock into a shadowy chasm, across which the sun threw bars of light in splendid shafts, in a vain attempt to illumine it. A new road is being built by the government, which by the recurring



HEAD OF YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

season will obviate this scramble and make it possible to see the falls from the wagon-road.

Then came the Lower and Upper Geyser Basins. We were two days in these vicinities, always comfortably accommodated at hotels, built so as to command a good view of the surrounding country. In the Lower Geyser Basin there are six hundred and ninety-three springs, besides seventeen geysers. The valley is rimmed with pines, and in the midst the spectral clouds of steam arise like ghosts in the gray morning. Here, the peculiar beauties I had noticed in first seeing one of these geyser districts, were repeated with greater variety and delicacy. I could only say that the Wizards had been at work, making the most curious and dainty things to be devised. But I must not neglect to mention that remarkable Midway Geyser Basin, in which is the Excelsior Geyser—the greatest in the world. We were not so fortunate as to see this in action, but they say that its eruptions are simply terrifying, and that the noise of its roar can be heard for several miles, while the Firehole River is changed from a modest stream into a raging flood of boiling water, from the overflow. But we had the pleasure of looking at the Prismatic Lake, a sheet of ever changing water lying in a basin bronzed with some semi-luminous deposit of bronze green, and of seeing many other pools which were both interesting and beautiful.



But it was at the Upper Basin that we saw the most wonderful display. Here, by the side of the Firehole River, are four hundred and forty springs and geysers. I refrain from consuming these pages with descriptions which would inevitably be inadequate. Within a few minutes' walk from each other lie the Giantess, a ferocious creature who shows her power only once in a fortnight, the Beehive, Old



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Faithful, the Castle, the Giant with his retinue, the graceful Fan, the Lion and Lioness, the Splendid, and many others whose names—not always appropriate—it is hardly worth while retailing. I can only say that twilight came too soon and found me still wandering among these fountains, these grottoes, lined with mother-of-pearl, these pools in which the beauty of the butterfly's wing or the radiance of the jewel seemed to be caught.

But the following day! What a wonderful day for me—how distinct from all other days of my life. The afternoon was half gone—or more—when we reached the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Since noon we had been riding over full-swelling hills, and through brook-watered hollows. Although the larch, the fir and the hemlock still lined our road, there was a gentleness about the scene that we had not previously seen in our journey through the park. We mounted saddle-horses at the Grand Cañon hotel, the

largest and best appointed hotel in the park, and rode along a carriage drive for some distance, coming at last to a trail. Being well used to riding, I urged my horse ahead of the others, 'til the roar of the falls dinned in my ears, and at my horse's feet stretched—a chasm! The word does not mean much; I wish I knew of a better one. Sunlit pinnacles of white, of gold, of shimmering amber, of rose-misted pearl, reaching up to the fringe of larches and brooded over by a purple sky cannot be expressed by “chasm.” These stretches of emblazoned wall, full of changing and mellow lights, mysterious with broken shadow, brought me nearer to nature than I had ever been before. Down 'twixt these walls of mystic forging writhed the Yellowstone, furious from its fall of over three hundred feet. In falling the water breaks into such a shower of jewels, shows such deep combs of translucent greenness, sends up such a witching spray of mist over the hardy plants that cling to its lower rocks, that were I to enumerate all the colors of which I have knowledge, I should not portray the loveliness of it. In a short time I was overtaken by my traveling companions, whose number seemed to be swelled by some



GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

strangers—huntsmen, apparently, from their trappings. One of these was talking.

“The oxidation of iron causes that red,” he was saying, pointing to the cañon, “and the sulphur is responsible for those remarkable gradations of yellow. The composition contains lava, lime and arsenic, and the effects of countless



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ages of frost and ice, of sun and vapor have wrought——” But here the voice took to itself such a familiar intonation, that I turned and looked. It was Jack! Jack, who had gone away from Boston so many years ago. He knew me at once. But we bowed quite formally, and to hide my confusion I begged him to go on with his very interesting remarks. He actually did it, though I am sure the listeners must have wondered what there was in his observations to make his voice tremble.

“The rock rises from 1,500 to 2,000 feet,” he said. “The Lower Falls are, in round numbers, 350 feet, and the Upper Falls about 112 feet.” So he went on, while I stood watching a fish-hawk wheel dizzily over the abyss. The glitter of the falls suddenly catching the last rays of the sun beamed with a thousand transparent prisms. Deep in watery niches grew mosses of green and brown, of olive and gold. Somber and still were the trees upon the savage banks. When we rode back to the hotel, Jack was with me. He asked me after tea to visit the Upper Falls with him. We walked through a shady path 'til we stood upon an overhanging rock. If the Lower Fall had awed me this fired me. The conscious abandon of the flood was superb. As far as I could see the river rippled and rushed 'til it reached the plunge, after which it trembled luminously in those weird deeps and so wound on. As for Jack—well, Jack would have come for me years ago, only he had not “been in luck.” Now things had changed, and the wonderful part of it was that he had made his fortune in Tacoma. He was on his way to Boston to learn if I was still free. Of course I did not tell him how it was that I had started west. We have visited Yellowstone Lake together—a lake incomparable in its loveliness, I am sure. It lies 7,788 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by majestic mountains. It is wild, and I might almost say, weird; yet, you may be sure that I was not depressed by its melancholy beauties. They were on the point of setting up a delightful steamer on the lake, but at present it is not ready for use—though it will be before I begin my diary for 1890.

But I have no words in which to describe the strange days that followed. I saw so many beautiful and curious sights that I felt positively uncanny, and had not my experiences been all happy I should have thought I had been bewitched in that marvelous “hoodoo region,” where mysterious roarings and rumblings are heard overhead, and the rocks take to themselves the most fantastic shapes. But when we were weary with wild sights, we could turn our attention to some gentle scene like Mary's Lake, which is as tender and sweet as any placid sheet of water among the elms of New York State or the pines of New Hampshire.

And here I am, once more at the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, with the white terraces rising dimly before me in the twilight. Jack is walking over them now; I can tell him a long way off, even in this light. To-morrow we shall be married at Livingston. Of course we return to Tacoma—I mean, Jack returns. I shall make Jack promise never to read my diary, else he might learn how it was that I started for the West.

## Rates and Arrangements for the Yellowstone Park Tour.

The large hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs has accommodations for 300 people, and the new hotel at Grand Cañon will comfortably hold the same number. The Northern Pacific will sell Park tickets, which will be accepted for meals or lodgings, one or both, at any of the Association Hotels in the Park, without reference to the item or location specified on the face of same, it being understood that the value of meals and lodgings tickets is \$1.00 each. These tickets can be used at such of the Association Hotels as may be selected by the tourist, it being understood that, after they are exhausted, the holder will pay the regular hotel rate, which, to purchasers of Park tickets, will not exceed \$4.00 per day.

**TRANSPORTATION IN THE PARK.**—The first regular stage making the Park tour will leave Mammoth Hot Springs June 1st. These stages will be run daily until October 1st, on which date the last stage making the round-trip will leave Mammoth Hot Springs. An extra stage will be run between the principal points of interest for the accommodation of tourists who lay over at any particular point.

**TICKET RATES.**—The Northern Pacific sell at Livingston, Mont., June 1st to October 1st, both dates inclusive, \$12.50, \$35.00 and \$40.00 round-trip excursion tickets, respectively, to Mammoth Hot Springs and return; to Upper Geyser Basin and return; to Upper Geyser Basin and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone and return. The \$12.50 ticket includes railroad fare Livingston to Cinnabar and return, stage fare Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs and return, and one and one-quarter days' board at the latter point; the \$35.00 ticket, railroad and stage fare Livingston to Lower and Upper Geyser Basins and return, and four and one-quarter days' board; the \$40.00 ticket, railroad and stage fare to Lower and Upper Geyser Basins and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone and return, and five and one-quarter days' board. The \$110.00 Park ticket (on sale May 30th to September 27th, at Northern Pacific office, 638 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.; at Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Wash., St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland, and by principal rail lines from Atlantic Coast cities, Chicago and St. Louis, running in connection with the N. P. R. R., May 29th to September 26th) covers the expenses of the round trip from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Tacoma, Wash., or Portland, Ore., to and through the Park, including railroad fare, one double berth in Pullman Sleeping Car, meals on Northern Pacific Dining Cars, hotel accommodations for five and one-quarter days in the Park, and stage transportation through the Park. A \$50.00 round-trip ticket of iron-clad descriptive form from eastern terminals to Livingston, Mont. (holder to be identified at Livingston ticket office before return; limit and conditions otherwise same as \$110.00 ticket), will be on sale at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland May 30th to September 27th, inclusive.

**LIMIT AND CONDITIONS.**—The \$110.00 tickets are limited to forty days, *i. e.*, going thirty days, returning ten days; will be honored for return trip only after the holder is identified at Mammoth Hot Springs, after which tickets must be presented on main line train within one day from date stamped at Mammoth Hot Springs, and on or before October 7th. Stop-overs will be given on these tickets within the limit of same, at or east of Billings, Mont., and at or west of Helena, Mont. The \$12.50, \$35.00 and \$40.00 tickets will be good if used between June 1st and October 1st, both dates inclusive. For further information in regard to rates and arrangements in Yellowstone Park, see pamphlet "Wonderland, Jr.," which will be mailed on application.

**PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.**—The Northern Pacific Railroad and its Eastern connections sell daily to any person a round-trip excursion ticket, good from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Ashland to Tacoma, Portland, Seattle or Victoria and return, at rate of \$80.00; tickets may read going via Cascade Division, returning via Columbia River, or *vice versa*, or returning via Canadian Pacific Railway to St. Paul, Minneapolis or Port Arthur. Portland tickets will be issued good to return via Oregon Short Line to Omaha or Kansas City. Round-trip excursion tickets are also on sale via Northern Pacific R. R. to San Francisco via the Shasta Route or ocean, returning the same way, or to any Missouri River terminal, or Minneola or Houston, at rate of \$95.00 to St. Louis or New Orleans, \$101.00 to St. Paul or Minneapolis, via Missouri River, \$105.00. The above tickets are good for six months, with a going limit of sixty days to first Pacific Coast terminal and permit of stop-overs in both directions. No change of route or extensions of limits can be granted.

Low excursion rates are in effect to Montana and eastern Washington points. Full particulars are given in "Wonderland, Jr."

## Alaska Excursion Tickets.

The Northern Pacific sell, between May 1st and September 30th, an excursion ticket from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Ashland, to Sitka, Alaska, and return, at rate of \$175.00. This rate includes meals and berth on Alaska steamer.

Call upon or write any of the following Agents for general publications and copy of the new "Wonderland," descriptive of the Yellowstone National Park and Alaska.

JAS. C. POND, Assistant General Ticket Agent.....	St. Paul, Minn.
B. N. AUSTIN, Assistant General Passenger Agent.....	St. Paul, Minn.
A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agt., 121 First St.,	Portland, Ore.
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T. S. PATTY.....	24 West Ninth St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
T. K. STATELER.....	638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. M. HANNAFORD,  
General Traffic Manager,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

CHAS. S. FEE,  
Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Ag't.





# MAP OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Compiled from different official explorations and our personal survey, 1882.

REFERENCES

Proposed Railroads.  
Geyser Formation.

SCALE

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Miles.

CARL J. HAAS and A. ROSTRÖM,  
Civil Engineers.





# NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

THE  
WONDERLAND  
ROUTE  
to the  
PACIFIC  
COAST



(HAS) S FEE  
Genl Pass Agent  
ST. PAUL